Inside: **The first Spiritual Arts Festival/Clint Eastwood as hit man/A roundup of current rock**

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SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

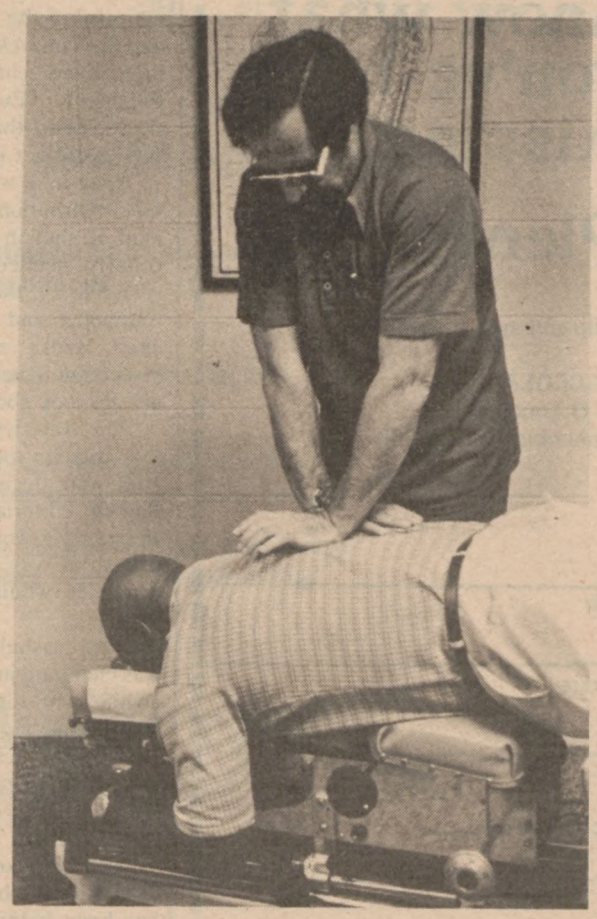
OSCEOLA

The chiropractors fight it out

OOMPH!!

GRUNT!!

POP!!



Dr. Jordan Young ministers to patients at his Florence chiropractic clinic.

A MAGAZINE FOR COLUMBIA & SOUTH CAROLINA
osceola

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
—press critic A.J. Liebling

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 45

Published weekly by Parallax Media Projects, Inc., 1918 Blossom St., Columbia, S.C. 29205. Mailing address: P.O. Box 5033, Columbia, S.C. 29250
Copyright PMP, Inc.
Phone: 799-4679
(business and editorial)

Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Columbia, S.C.

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Subscriptions are $5 for six months, $8 for one year, and $14 for two years. Send name, address, and zip code with check to:
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Cheap Shots

The Big A is back!

Many facts surrounding the recent altercation between the United States and the new revolutionary Cambodian government over the merchant ship Mayaguez are probably yet to surface, more than a few no doubt still submerged in the hopelessly polluted sea of lies and half-truths floated by the Pentagon and the White House during such crises.

But for those who doubted the American war machine's ability to defeat the new Khmer Rouge navy, please rest assured: we're still really big! Or, as syndicated columnist Nicholas Von Hoffman put it: "The Big A is back!"

After demands for the unconditional surrender of the ship and its crew (or suffer the consequences!) and 35 hours of waiting (Ford said it was 60 hours, but who's counting?), the American military was ordered into action and responded to the call by straffing, gassing and sinking three of the patrol boats and, ultimately, retaking the Mayaguez, sans crew.

Afterwards, U.S. Marines, hoping to surprise the Cambodians and expecting to find the Mayaguez crew there, landed on the Cambodian island of Koh Tang (the wrong one, unfortunately) while at the same time U.S. planes were striking against the Cambodian mainland.

In the midst of the fighting, and before any bombing by American planes, a small Cambodian fishing boat -- with white flags raised -- was turning the 39 crew members back over to the American fleet, although it was reported widely at the time that only part of the crew had been released.

The fact of the matter is that the Khmer Rouge government was broadcasting its desire to release the ship before the time American military solution had begun. Henry Kissinger said later that the reason for continuing the assault was because it was unclear whether they (the Khmer Rouge) intended to release the crew too. (Come on, Hank!)

The whole affair, during and after it was over, has won, for the most part, the approval of the American people, the press and the Congress, and has placed Jerry Ford high on the "charts" as a tough and decisive President. Even the so-called "liberal" doves found this kind of war the one kind they could get into.

Ford may well have been thinking that this international "quickie" was just the kind of shot in the arm the people in this country needed after the embarrassment suffered by the near simultaneous fall of Cambodia and South Vietnam just a few short weeks ago. (The Khmer Rouge seemed to have gone to any lengths to make old Jer look good.)

The American press was right on top of the situation too, lavishing praise on Ford's bold and decisive action. (A **Columbia Record** editorial called it: "Ford's Wise Restraint"). Unfortunately, in international terms this was about as much restraint as a cop uses when he shouts: "Halt, or I'll shoot!"

The casualty/missing/wounded count was changing just about every day there for awhile, with the first reports indicating that one marine had been killed (only one, thank God!) and several others missing or wounded. Later figures, however, showed that there were three killed and 15 missing, then five killed and 22 missing.

The final count that we have been given (and this may be the last considering that it has been holding for the last few days) is that there were actually a total of 41 dead or missing and some number over 50 wounded. (Remember there were only 39 members in the Mayaguez crew).

THE CHECK

It is wonderful now the Pentagon can get so confused by a simple math problem. For awhile, they were jumbling the figures in the three columns like they had, maybe, mistook some of the wounded for missing...or was it the dead? We don't know, you figure it out. After a few days of just this kind of confusion, the American people can really get numb to the whole thing.

But, as if that was not enough, we find out last week, amidst all of the shouting about 'wise restraint' and that bit about how all peaceful, diplomatic channels were being pursued, that Kurt Waldheim (secretary-general of the United Nations) says that he was first contacted by the Ford administration some two hours after American planes were straffing and gassing.

Did Ford forget to call the U.N.? Or was it on purpose? And, if so, what diplomatic channels were being pursued it not the United Nations? Can we believe that this move was just another political one, i.e., one to rejuvenate the Ford administration's dwindling support? We all know how successful the United Nations has been at resolving conflicts between nations, but Jerry could have at least made it look good by asking.

Added to all of this is the questionable legality of what Ford did. The 1973 War Powers Resolution -- passed by Congress after Nixon's solo decision to renew bombing of North Vietnam into the "stone age" -- requires the president **before** taking any action in a situation like the Mayaguez incident to "consult" with Congress. Ford's "consulting" consisted of making a few telephone calls to several leaders of Congress to let them know what he was already going to do. Most other Congressmen, in the dark until after the military action started, gave after-the-fact approval of the action taken.

Raoul Berger, American legal historian at Harvard Law School, writing in the **New York Times**, concluded that Ford's action, in light of the Constitution and the War Powers Resolution, was clearly illegal. "The paramount harm," he said, "that flows from this fresh Cambodian adventure is the disruption of the constitutional allocation of powers, the invasion of powers confided exclusively to Congress. Approval by individual members cannot make it constitutional."

It is indeed puzzling to note -- in light of all the lies that recent administrations (including this one) have passed onto us and the confusion surrounding the whole Mayaguez affair -- that the American people and the Congress are buying it without further investigation. Nearly all of the Congressional leaders -- including South Carolina's -- who have been asked about the incident have agreed with Ford's solution.

In final analysis, what we have seen is a repeat of the kind of thinking that got us into the mess in Southeast Asia in the first place. It is unfortunate, but it seems that the real reason people decided in the 1970's that the Vietnam war was wrong was because it was as fashionable, then, to be against the war as it was in the 1960's to be for it. The

Mayaguez incident just goes to show that the majority of the American people can still "get their teeth into" a good old American "stomping " of the enemy.

Perhaps Sen. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin (one of the few real examples of "wise restraint") said it best: "The strength and maturity of a superpower," he said, "are better measured by its restraint in minor incidents than by a demonstration of the power the world already knows we have."

What we have witnessed is the further unnecessary waste of American lives in the pursuit of the rising Harris Poll by an American President. When the final tally is recorded, Americans may want to re-evaluate the price paid and the good done. We may want to reconsider how smart "wise restraint" was. After all, what have we gained from our 12-year visit to Southeast Asia?

Honeymoon to divorce

The folks in the Boylston House -- home of the South Carolina Arts Commission -- haven't been having an easy go of it lately. Apparently the tenuous and imperfect marriage between the bureaucracy and the arts is moving out of its honeymoon and into divorce. An informal survey of artists in various programs has revealed growing dissatisfaction with the Arts Commission's in-house staff since the termination of Gary Ligi (**Osceola** contributor and former Contributing Editor for the Arts).

Ligi was terminated as poet-in-residence for Project TAP recently, following a February 20 reading of his work on the University of South Carolina campus and his subsequent refusal ("Inability," Ligi maintains) to make a meeting in Columbia on March 5 to discuss the reading in view of complaints received by the Commission from unspecified members of the community.

Now, we have learned, another poet in Project TAP has requested the resignation of the Project TAP coordinator in a recent evaluation. The poet, who wished to remain anonymous, told **Osceola:** "I can't wait until my contract expires. This year has been a nightmare. I don't think I've ever seen so many incompetent, ignorant, and insensitive people in one place. I've been 'harassed, insulted, you name it. I've even had to arrange my goddamn classes because the schedules have been arriving late -- or not arriving at all. It makes me wonder what the hell they do down there to earn their inflated salaries."

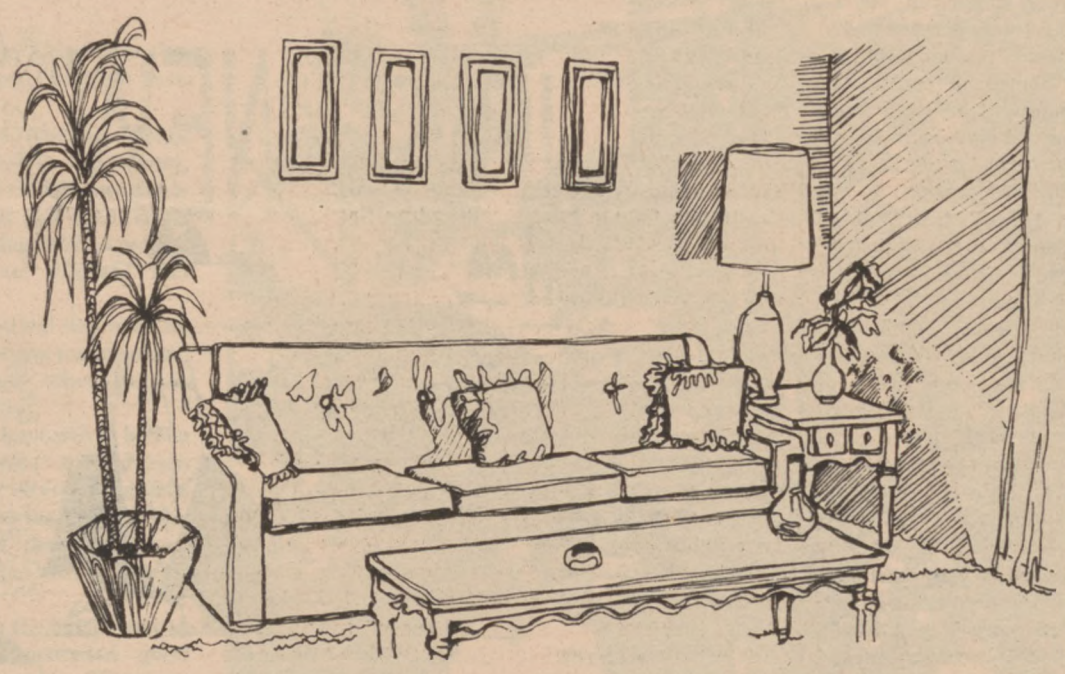
He went on to say that harassment by the SCAC staff dropped off immediately following Ligi's termination. "It was the news coverage I think. They realized they had made a very stupid mistake, but they couldn't admit it. So they've spent the rest of the year trying to avoid any kind of confrontation. I know I've done plenty of things to provoke them since Gary got fired. I went out of my way to let them know I didn't give a damn about their silly rules. Not only didn't they fire me, they didn't even talk to me. It's a big joke. Artists have been complaining all year about the way they've been treated -- but the Arts Commission just refuses to respond."

Some artists contacted indicated they don't plan to work for the SCAC again next year, others that they were planning to leave the state. A few said they were contemplating trying to negotiate their contracts in order to protect themselves against abrupt termination should they happen to fall into momentary displeasure with staff members. Ligi was terminated for breaching two articles of his contract, a contract which several artists admitted they had never looked at before signing. A local attorney told us that the contract "looks more like a purchase order than anything else. It's weighted incredibly in favor of the Commission of course, since they're the ones that prepare it, and it's almost exclusively binding upon the contractor. What it amounts to is if the Commission decides they want to get rid of somebody for any reason they can find some requirement in the contract the artist hasn't fulfilled."

At the recent statewide Poetry Festival in Columbia, several poets demanded an explanation of Ligi's dismissal. Rick George, executive director for the SCAC, agreed to meet with the poets May 9. At the meeting, however, he informed the group that he had been advised by the attorney general's office not to discuss the matter, since it was involved in litigation. He would only reiterate previously released statements that Ligi had been fired for breach of contract. When **Osceola** asked Ligi to comment upon the May 9 meeting, he said he hadn't attended either the meeting or the festival since he hadn't received an invitation, so he couldn't comment on what was said. In response to George's statements, however, he told us: "Well, that's the first I've heard about litigation. I don't recall having filed any suit."

Meanwhile, **Lancaster News** editor Paul League printed an editorial attacking Project TAP following publication of **Trembling With The Mushrooms**, an anthology of student poetry Ligi had edited before his termination. League complained that the poems dealt too frequently with death and violence, and he questioned the value of dealing with such subjects in the classrooms, calling on Lancaster parents to investigate the situation. When we asked Ligi about the editorial, he said: "As far as League's editorial goes, all I read was this little article carried in **The State.** I never liked the man. I'd guess he had maybe three ideas and a slightly larger vocabulary. When I was at Clemson I used to read his stuff condemning all us commies and atheists, etc. So we've been not seeing eye to eye for a very long time. I'd dismiss whatever he had to say as an attack against me personally rather than against the anthology or the program. It doesn't bother me one way or the other. From what I read, one of the poems he cites as an example is a harmless little acrostic and the other one I didn't even select. The editor business was all the Arts Commission's idea in the first place. There were three poets involved equally in all the anthologies. All the editor really did was take the poems and make a mock-up for the printers. And, the truth is, the poets didn't have final say in the anthologies to begin with. That was one of the big sore spots that developed early in the year when the commission wanted to delete poems that mentioned paddling, boogers, and ass. I really didn't even want my name associated with the thing after that stupid business, but it was in the contract. And as far as an investigation goes, I'm all for it. The thing League is incapable of understanding is a very obvious truth: I didn't write those poems. The kids in Lancaster did." ■

LIVING ROOM!



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national topics

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

A dozen years ago America hadn't a doubt in the world. It walked buoyantly. It only wanted to show other nations how to do half so well. Then things began to crack. Oswald shot the President. Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy died. Racial conflict worsened; Vietnam deepened; inflation widened. Lyndon Johnson abdicated; riots hit the 1968 Democratic convention. There was Kent State, Jackson State, civil disobedience, racial riots, invasion of Cambodia, marches on Washington. The Senate rejected two Supreme Court appointees; McGovern tripped on his vice presidential choice; and only 56 percent bothered to vote in the Nixon "landslide." More inflation... that just started it.

Americans were almost artlessly self-confident, up to 1963. In that year some 85 percent said they were "proud" of their governmental and political institutions (contrasted to 46 percent in Britain and only 30 percent in Mexico!).

Polls (1964-1970) show the erosion that followed: trust that the federal government does right "most of the time" fell from 62 percent in 1964 to 47 percent in 1970; belief that government is pretty much run "by a few big interests" rose from 29 percent to 49 percent; that officials "don't seem to know what they are doing" from 27 percent to 44 percent. But the public still believed that officials are honest: only 28 percent thought that "quite a lot" were crooked and it was hardly changed in 1970 at 31 percent.

So then, after Spiro Agnew's plea of **nolo contendere** to a crime count in the midst of Watergate, Sen. Muskie's subcommittee on intergovernmental operations in 1973 hired Louis Harris to do a poll, a kind of extension of the earlier surveys that had been made by the Survey Research Center. Harris gave his conclusions and reported, in alarm, "Any objective analysis of such results can only conclude that a crisis of the most serious magnitude now exists in the responses and assessment of the people to their government."

Everybody knew it but it was startling nevertheless. Alienation, the poll said, took many forms. "The rich get richer and the poor get poorer," jumped from 26 percent to 55 percent; 74 percent believed that "special interests get more from government than the people do." Did any institutions get majority support from the public? Yes, medicine, and the local trash collection. To sum it up, a total of 41 percent of those queried felt a change in the form of government was needed, and all of this before Nixon quit and Vietnam collapsed.

President Ford would have an easier time at NATO, and Kissinger with Gromyko at Vienna, if the mood back home were different. Americans are naturally optimists; the degree of present self-doubt is probably historically unique. The media-created flap over the refugees and the knee-jerk jingoistic exultation over the Mayaguez affair (followed immediately by self-examination and new doubts) seem expressions of a kind of psychic slide that has developed for a dozen years. It will pass, we have no doubt, before long! But in the meantime, to massage the cynicism, papers report a huge new land fraud in Florida, large-scale political bribery by American-based multinationals in half a dozen countries, and FBI memos (supposedly uncovered by the Rockefeller Commission) supporting charges that the CIA plotted with the Mafia to kill Fidel Castro in 1961.

This long slide in American self-confidence has had profound effects on one governmental institution -- Congress. A huge class of freshmen stormed into Washington in 1975, sent by angry voters who wanted a shake-up. In number of new faces it's the largest freshman class since 1949, comprising 26 percent of House Democrats and 12 percent of Republicans. They're young, too, aware of the social changes and the turmoil. We watch them with awe.

Meanwhile, back in 1970 John Gardner set up his Common Cause, which provided a vehicle for popular discontent. It found itself aligned with freshman congressmen. Ralph Nader's organization came too, doing the kind of things that, in other countries, disciplined political parties do. If people distrust government, they are likely to turn to this kind of quasi-political group.

Nearly everybody agrees that a stronger Congress is needed to balance a stronger President. There is no question that Congress has tried to reassert itself and that in the last year or so it has tinkered boldly with a lot of the established mechanisms. These changes are widely referred to as "reforms," though I think it is too early to judge.

The weakness of Congress is simple -- it has 435 members and little cohesion. Some kind of discipline is needed if they are going to stand up to the executive, as they should; they need the benefit of responsible political leaders. At present there is a vacuum of leadership in Congress, institutional and personal.

Speaker Joe Cannon, "a hard, narrow old Boeotian," was thrown out by a band of insurgents in 1911 led by George Norris, and a kind of feudal system of committee baronies developed. Ultimately a bipartisan coalition of conservatives took over. 'Round about 1958, reapportionment, Southern realignment and erosion of the farm bloc helped establish a national Democratic majority. The engine of change was the liberal Democratic Study Group.

Now Congress is moving into a new phase of its checkered existence, the outlines of which are unclear. There is a sense of urgency, for the freshmen know they are here on probation and that voters back home are angry. The Democratic majority is trying to recapture lost territory, watch the White House, reform its budget, diffuse committees and set up alternative mechanisms of control -- which are already tripping over each other. Rarely have things been so fluid.

Weakening the committee structure, without creating alternative authority, may ultimately enhance the President's power. Democrats have revived the caucus -- a former paper organization that met only once or twice a year. It is too early to estimate these changes. One thing seems plain; to balance the enlarged presidency the controlling majority of Congress must somehow make a grant of power to somebody who speaks for it -- a group or an individual. Maybe it will be to the Speaker, maybe to a steering committee. Neither amiable Sen. Mansfield or Rep. Albert seems the type to accept the sword or to use it. ■

Feiffer

THE WHITE HOUSE ANNOUNCED TONIGHT THAT BLOOD-BATH RED HAS SEIZED TRUE-BLUE.
NEWS
THE PRESIDENT IS REPORTED TO BE EXAMINING HIS OPTIONS DECISIVELY
NEWS
THE NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL HAS BEEN UP ALL NIGHT. THE SECRETARY OF STATE HAS BEEN UP ALL NIGHT. THE VICE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN UP ALL NIGHT.
THIS LATE BULLETIN: THE WHITE HOUSE HAS JUST ANNOUNCED THAT IT HAS SENT CONGRESS A REGISTERED LETTER ADVISING IT THAT U.S. FORCES HAVE STRUCK BLOOD-BATH RED.
"THIS IS A SUPREME VINDICATION OF OUR FACE," SAID THE SECRETARY OF STATE. "THE GREATEST SHOW OF STRENGTH SINCE ATTICA!" CLAIMED THE VICE PRESIDENT. UNRELIABLE FOREIGN OBSERVERS REPORT HEAVY CASUALTIES AND MANAGED NEWS.
THE PRESIDENT HAS INTERRUPTED HIS WORKING, SKIING AND GOLFING VACATION ON THE PRESIDENTIAL YACHT "MACHISMO" TO PUT OUT THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT "NOBODY PUSHES BIG WHITEY AROUND."
STAY TUNED FOR LATER MISINFORMATION AS IT IS FED TO US ON THE HOUR.

JACK ANDERSON
AND THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON Confidential White House minutes reveal that President Ford was forced to make his daring decision to rescue the crew of the Mayaguez without the benefit of all the facts.

Although the operation was successful, the incident has left analysts fretting over the U.S. "intelligence gap" in Southeast Asia.

The President was not even sure of the crew's location when he ordered the Marines to board the Mayaguez and land on Tang island.

At a private White House meeting, Sen. Mike Mansfield, D.-Mont., asked Ford: "Any crew members on the mainland?"

"Some may have been carried in the escaping gunboat," the President replied. "We have no specific information whether Americans are on the island or the ship."

Rep. Elford Cederberg, R.-Mich., asked, "Suppose they aren't on the ship or the island?"

"We'll have to wait and see," Ford answered. "We'll be up most of the night."

"Has surveillance been continuous?" Sen. Clifford Case, R.-N.J., asked.

"Yes, 24 hours a day, at least since Monday PM," Ford told him.

But despite the continuous surveillance, the President did not know where the Mayaguez men were when he ordered the attack.

By the time the Marines hit the beach, the crew was on Rong, an island about 25 miles from Tang.

American planes had nearly sunk the Cambodian gunboat which carried them to Rong. One U.S. pilot thought he spotted "Caucasian faces," so he let the gunboat pass. Three others were sunk.

Not knowing the crew was on Rong, Ford ordered the Marines to attack Tang. Despite the rapid pace of events, some experts believe that reconnaisance flights should have been able to determine the location of the crew before Ford sent in the Marines.

The poor intelligence was paid for in lives. The Marines on Tang remained under heavy fire 10 hours after the Mayaguez crew reached safety aboard the destroyer Wilson. At least three Marines and two airmen were killed, and 16 more are feared dead. Eighty to 90 men were wounded.

Shabby intelligence also may have contributed to the seizure in the first place. The Cambodians have been boarding foreign vessels in the area for weeks, yet the Mayaguez captain was not forewarned.

Such ragged intelligence operations have the experts troubled. For if there is another Mayaguez incident, the United States might not be so lucky.

Fatal Delay: India's nuclear explosion a year ago caught Washington by surprise. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was so absorbed with his Middle East negotiations he didn't get around to studying the Indian nuclear threat for six months. The delay could be fatal.

India's scientists proved they could build

(continued on page ten)

A 'spirited' affair

Hampton Park in historic Charleston became the scene of the first Spiritual Arts Festival May 24-25.

The event, sponsored by Ananda Marga [itself a spiritual organization] in Charleston, included representatives of several increasingly popular spiritual groups, local and out-of-state artists and musicians, singing and dancing, poetry reading, chanting, art displays and meditating.

The dual purpose of the festival was to bring the various spiritual organizations together and to give artists, both local and otherwise, an opportunity to show their "stuff."

The highlight of the two day festival had to be the appearance of "Prophesy," a band from New York that played both days. The five members of the band were also members of the Ananda Marga society, and they meditated before each performance to get their "vibes" together.

The festival, which took up the better part of both Saturday and Sunday, attracted good weather, but not too many people. However, the people who did attend, as these pictures reveal, had a good time.

[Photos by Brad Stinson]

Chiropractors in a family 'v

by Bob Thompson

An overweight, middle-aged black man lay face down on an adjustment table in Dr. Jordan D. Young's offices in Florence the other day. His face buried in cushions, the man, a tobacco farmer, patiently waited for his "adjustments."

Young, an effusive man in his late forties or early fifties, entered the tiny cubicle, placed his hands on the man's hips, and gave several quick thrusts downward. There was a popping sound, which one might have mistaken for the sounds of joints shifting; but the sound actually came from the adjustment table under the patient, which gave way under the force of Young's treatment. The farmer, not making so much as a grunt, lay still until Young asked him to turn over onto his back, which he did. Then Young made more "adjustments" to the man's spine as the farmer lay on his back and later on his side.

The whole process took only three to five minutes. Before Young let his patient leave, he sought -- and got -- a testimonial from the man on the benefits he had received from chiropractic. The farmer told of how he once had severe pains in his leg which had made it extremely painful to ride his tractor and keep his farm productive. A friend told him to see Dr. Young, which he had done three or four weeks ago, and since becoming a chiropractic patient his leg pains had stopped.

Young went through the same process with several other patients that Tuesday afternoon -- not one of his busier days -- to give this writer an idea what chiropractic was all about. His patients generally gave the same answer: that they wished they'd come to see a chiropractor about their aches, pains and afflictions a lot sooner.

Young stressed that he was not soliciting these testimonials for his own personal benefit. What he was trying to do, he said, was to show that chiropractic, when practiced properly, is a vastly underrated and misunderstood healing art, no matter which qualified chiropractor administers the treatment.

"Qualified" and "properly" are words to which Yougn gave special emphasis. The reason for the emphasis is that Young and South Carolina's other 125 or so practicing chiropractors are currently embroiled in a "war" (Young's terminology) over what is proper, safe and ethical within the scope of chiropractic. Young, chairman of the legislative committee of the South Carolina Chiropractors' Association, recently charged that half of the state's chiropractors are working illegally because they are using equipment and administering treatments which are expressly forbidden by the state's 43-year-old chiropractic law.

Other chiropractors admit to using these machines and treatments, which are known by such esoteric terms as "intersegmental traction," "ultrasonic" treatment, "colonic irrigation," "pulse diathermy." But these chiropractors contend that, contrary to what Young and others say, that they are qualified to use such techniques and that they are not using illegal equipment.

Meanwhile, the state attorney general's office has yet to prosecute any chiropractors for using these machines, despite the fact that Attorney General Daniel McLeod ruled as long ago as 1960 that a Doctor of Chiropractic license doesn't legally entitle chiropractors to use the machines.

Chiropractic is defined by the 1932 chiropractic law as "the science of palpating and adjusting the articulations of the human spinal column by hand only." The last three words -- "by hand only" -- are at the root of the current split among the state's chiropractors, because Young and other co-called "straight" chiropractors are stressing a narrow definition of chiropractic ministrations which, they say, doesn't allow the use of machinery of any sort in the process of chiropractic adjustments.

If that definition of chiropractic leaves the layman in the dark, here's a short explanation of what chiropractic is, in more understandable terms. The central portion of the body's nervous system is the spinal cord, which runs through the vertebrae of the back. Branching out of the spinal cord are nerves which extend to all parts of the body and control the functions of the body -- movement, coordination, growth, pain, etc. Should the spine be bent or sh uld any of the vertebrae in the spine be out of place, nerves are often pinched. In that case, the function of whatever portion of the body is controlled by that nerve root is impaired, causing pain, loss of coordination or feeling, and sometimes paralysis.

The chiropractor's function, though complex, can be fairly simply stated. He corrects the curvature of the spine or the placement of the vertebrae **by hand** to restore nerve impulses to what they should be, and to stop nerve interference. The chiropractor makes these adjustments to the spine gradually, with the time and number of adjustments varying according to the severity of the problem, the patient's age and physical condition, and other factors.

According to South Carolina law, chiropractors practicing within the state borders cannot use any machines to make adjustments to the spine. The S.C. Chiropractors' Association and the state attorney general's office have generally interpreted the law to mean that chiropractors can use mechanical equipment for **analysis only** -- to locate the problem -- but after that, the adjustment of vertebrae must be done manually.

The problem is that a number of chiropractors have openly been using medical equipment and techniques to treat their patients, in apparent violation of the state law. And although the attorney general has known about such apparent violations for years -- Young claims affidavits alleging illegal practices have been filed with the attorney general as early as 1966 -- McLeod has not put a stop to the violations.

McLeod, contacted Friday by **Osceola**,said he has been aware since the "mid-50's" of the problems with defining what chiropractors can and cannot do. But he said he has been unable to prosecute any cases because he hasn't had any solid legal evidence to work from. He said he has repeatedly told chiropractors that they were legally supposed to follow a "hands only" policy.

The attorney general said he has had "nothing but broad allegations" about reportedly unethical chiropractors, "varying from illegal newspaper advertising to the use of various types of physical therapy devices." But, he explained, "I've got to have something more than broad allegations. I'm in the process of procuring that (evidence) now."

McLeod was asked to respond to charges made by Dr. Young to this writer that the attorney general's office has had affidavits filed as early as 1966 about chiropractors reportedly overstepping the bounds of their profession. McLeod replied that he didn't "recall having any affidavits filed."

Last week, McLeod said, he filed a suit in Darlington County which, when resolved, would determine what devices and techniques can or can't be used by chiropractors. He said he was unable to say more about the pending litigation, but he claimed the case could be a groundbreaker in the area of chiropractic ethics and practices.

The "straight" chiropractors (those who make all adjustments by hand) claim that the "mixers," as they call chiropractors who use medical equipment and techniques, are jeopardizing the health of their patients because the chiropractors are not licensed by law and, most importantly, they are not properly trained to use the mechanical treatments.

The issue of the illegal use of non-chiropractic equipment by chiropractors has come to a head in the last couple weeks, catalyzed by turmoil at a recent S.C. Chiropractors' Association convention and legislation introduced in the state House of Representatives that would change the chiropractic law.

The "war" to which Young continuously refers was sparked by an apparently well-intentioned attempt by the president of a Spartanburg chiropractic college to get his students the right to legally make spinal adjustments to patients under the supervision of doctors of chiropractic.

Dr. Thomas Gellardi, the president of Sherman College of Chiropractic in Spartanburg, was concerned that his students would be subject to legal action if they made spinal adjustments, because the current chiropractic law prohibits anyone without a license from practicing chiropractic. And, naturally, one cannot get a chiropractic license until one receives a degree from an accredited chiropractic college.

The 40-odd students at Sherman College of Chiropractic, which began operation two years ago, needed to be able to work with patients, Gellardi claimed. The situation was analogous to medical students not being able to work with sick patients (even under close supervision by an M.D.) until they had their own doctoral degrees, Gellardi reasoned. If chiropractic students weren't permitted to make spinal adjustments, how would they learn, he asked rhetorically.

So, Gellardi explained to **Osceola**, his students have been making spinal adjustments for the last two years, with one of the college's doctors of chiropractic closely supervising each adjustment. But the legality of their doing so is questionable.

In December, 1972, then House speaker Solomon Blatt requested an opinion from Attorney General McLeod on what students at South Carolina's chiropractic colleges (presently Sherman College is the only one) were legally entitled to do. McLeod's reply was vague. The attorney general said he thought "it is probably correct" for the S.C. Board of Chiropractic Examiners -- which licenses and supervises the state's chiropractors -- to allow students to make adjustments, which the Board had done. But, McLeod said, he would "strongly urge" that the state chiropractic law be modified to allow unlicensed senior chiropractic students to practice chiropractic under the supervision of a teacher or a licensed doctor.

Gellardi attempted to do just that several weeks ago. At the S.C. Chiropractors' Association convention in Greenville, Gellardi sought to have the association's legislative committee give him the go-ahead to seek such legislation in the General Assembly. Most of the members in attendance reportedly supported the bill, since it is non-controversial by itself.

But what happened then, according to several chiropractors interviewed, was that the "mixers" wanted to add amendments that would legalize the use of equipment "preparatory to" and "complementary to" spinal adjustments. In effect, that would legalize methods such as intersegmental traction, colonic irrigation, ultrasonic treatment, pulse diathermy, and electric muscular stimulation which are now illegally used by the mixers.

Since at least half of the members of the chiropractic profession in South Carolina use such machines, according to estimates by both mixers and straights, there was enough support that the amendments would have been tacked onto Gellardi's bill. The straight chiropractors who oppose the broadening of the scope of the profession (hence the use of machines) fought the amendments.

Dr. L.B. Sims of Greenville, current president of the S.C. Chiropractors' Association, was among those who opposed the mixers' amendments. Sims, a practicing chiropractor for over 50 years and one of the drafters of the state chiropractic law in 1932, was interviewed by **Osceola** at his Greenville clinic. He explained what happened at the convention.

Young

[Photos by Bob Thompson]

'war'

Sims said that when it appeared the only way Gellardi's bill would be passed by the Association was if it included the mixers' amendments, he asked Gellardi to retract the bill. Sims said he approved of the original bill, but not the amendments. When Gellardi refused to withdraw his bill, "he split us open," Sims said.

What eventually happened was that the convention was adjourned early because of the infighting between the chiropractors, and the Chiropractors' Association didn't approve either the bill or the amendments. So Gellardi and the mixers went to the General Assembly to push the legislation.

In his conversation with **Osceola**, Gellardi repeatedly expressed his opposition to the use of medical equipment by chiropractors, saying that it violated the chiropractic law's "hands only" phrasing and contending that use of the equipment could be dangerous and excessively costly. But the fact that, according to Sims, Gellardi wouldn't retract his bill in spite of the dangerous amendments caused the Chiropractics' Association president to criticize his younger colleague.

"We're not disapproving of the bill," Sims explained. "We're disapproving of the way they (Gellardi and Sherman College) went about it." Sims pulled out a copy of the S.C. Chiropractors' Association code of ethics, which states in part that "no member shall cause any bill to be introduced in the General Assembly, nor advocate the enactment of any measure until, and unless, such proposal shall have been approved by the Legislative Committee and passed by the South Carolina Chiropractors' Association." Sims said that Gellardi and the mixers both violated the code of ethics by introducing legislation without going through the Chiropractors' Association.

Most of the debate about the use of medical equipment by chiropractors does not center around the legality or illegality of its use. Most mixers would admit that they are technically violating the law in using the equipment without the appropriate license (medical doctor, osteopath, and/or physical therapist, depending on the machine). J. Pat McCoy of Greenville, president-elect of the Chiropractors' Association and unofficial leader of the mixers, said "the law is illegal" and would not admit that he or other mixers are operating illegally.

Yet most mixers accept the fact that they are, on paper, violating the law but they say the law is unjust and that, anyway, the General Assembly will soon make mechanized treatments legal. Dr. R.R. Kearns of Beaufort, president of the State Board of Chiropractic Examiners, conceded that chiropractors are using equipment not covered by the present law, but he said that use of new equipment is illegal but necessary in South Carolina.

So the issue boils down generally to whether the use of equipment in chiropractic is useful, safe, and whether chiropractors have the proper training to use it efficiently and safely. Straight chiropractors claim that they don't need anything more than their hands to help their patients (plus X-ray machines and other analytical devices), while the mixers contend that they can't do their job without the equipment as well as they could do it with them.

Ultrasonic treatment is one of the most common uses -- or abuses -- of technology by chiropractors. A device is placed on the spine which sends high-frequency sound waves into the spinal column. Young said the treatment can be dangerous if misused, because it "can actually crumble the vertebrae."

Intersegmental traction, Young explained, consists basically of hooking up a harness to the head, trunk and legs, and adjusting the spinal column by stretching the body. He said the device, which he jokingly called "the rack," is a "useful tool when properly used." But, he said, intersegmental traction should be administered by a licensed orthopedic surgeon, not a chiropractor.

Another increasingly popular method of treatment is "pulse diathermy," in which an electric charge is sent into the deep muscles of the body. Theoretically, said Young, the purpose of pulse diathermy is to stimulate blood circulation. But he said if improperly administered it "could break loose embolisms (clots) and cause coronary thrombosis or strokes." And it can damage tissue and can cause paralysis, he alleged.

Colonic irrigation is another of the methods used by some chiropractors that is currently illegal. "That has nothing to do with chiropractic," Young alleged.

Young stressed that most of the techniques employed by the mixers are not innately evil or unsafe; in fact, they can be of great value when used by qualified persons. But they are medical techniques, not chiropractic.

Sims said that the basic research on diathermy and ultra-sound was done by medical researchers. The research on diathermy was done in Germany during the period 1925-1930, and the ultrasonic research was also done there, by medical doctors in the 1940's, Sims said. Chiropractors had nothing to do with the research, he pointed out.

Safety, or the lack of it, is not the only thing Young, Sims and other straight chiropractors are worried about. The cost of chiropractic services is also crucial, because the use of machines has tended to increase the bills of chiropractic patients drastically. And if insurance companies, which are now beginning to recognize chiropractic claims, find that chiropractors have performed treatments that they aren't licensed to do, often they'll refuse to pay for the claims.

Insurance companies are becoming concerned about illegal practices by chiropractors because of the number of fraudulent claims being filed. In most cases, the patients don't realize that the treatment they're getting will not be covered by their insurance. So, on one hand, the insurance companies have to be on the lookout to make sure they aren't charged for something for which they aren't liable, while the chiropractic patients must be wary of being treated in violation of chiropractic law because they'll be the ones paying in the end.

The International Chiropractic Association is, along with the American Chiropractic Association, one of the two largest associations to which most chiropractors belong. The ICA sets up regional "peer review boards" to decide whether the treatment claimed by chiropractic patients on insurance forms has been performed according to chiropractic law or not. The peer review board that reviews South Carolina cases has found some astounding instances where chiropractors overcharged their patients or charged them for illegal treatments.

For instance, one patient filed a claim with her insurance company for $4,077 in chiropractic fees; the peer review board, after investigating her treatment, found that only $228 of the treatment was covered by the chiropractic law. The remainder of the fee was charged for illegal treatment, which means the insurance company is not liable and the patient may not be able to recoup the cost. Other such cases, perhaps less dramatic, abound.

Young explained how unethical chiropractors can "jack up" the cost of their services. A patient comes in to the chiropractor to see how much it will cost to get his or her problems corrected. The chiropractor will sell them a package deal of visits -- let's say 20. The chiropractor will make the usual spinal adjustment. But then he may give the patient ultrasonic treatment and a colonic irrigation, for $6 each. That means the patient would pay $18 for each visit, only $6 of which would pay for legal practices. After 20 visits, the patient could end up paying $240 more than he or she would have paid for spinal adjustments done "by hand" by a straight chiropractor.

The mixers' immediate response to such criticism is that it is coming from a minority of old-fashioned chiropractors who don't want to see the profession modernized. J. Pat McCoy of Greenville, who will take over the presidency of the S.C. Chiropractors' Association from L.B. Sims in November, has become the chief spokesman for the mixers, despite his own contention that he "cannot afford to be biased in my opinion one way or the other."

McCoy has contended that the chiropractic law in this state is "outdated," and he thinks today's chiropractors are well enough trained to be able to use the medical equipment. "Chiropractic is not a second-rate healing art," he said, and chiropractors ought to be able to use any equipment that enables them to do their job better.

"The law hasn't been changed in over 40 years. In that time our institutions have been updating themselves, and adding new training procedures and analytical equipment," said McCoy. He admitted that training in such procedures as diathermy, intersegmental traction, colonic irrigation, and ultra-sound is not required in the pursuit of a doctorate of chiropractic, but he asserted that all the chiropractors who use such procedures get the necessary training on their own time, and at their own expense.

"The chiropractic profession is as adequately trained as the medical profession," McCoy said, and its training is "second to none."

But Sims feels McCoy and others are missing the point when they claim chiropractors are as well-trained as medical doctors. The point, according to Sims, is that medicine and chiropractic are two different professions -- healing arts, if you will -- and that neither profession should try to do the other's job.

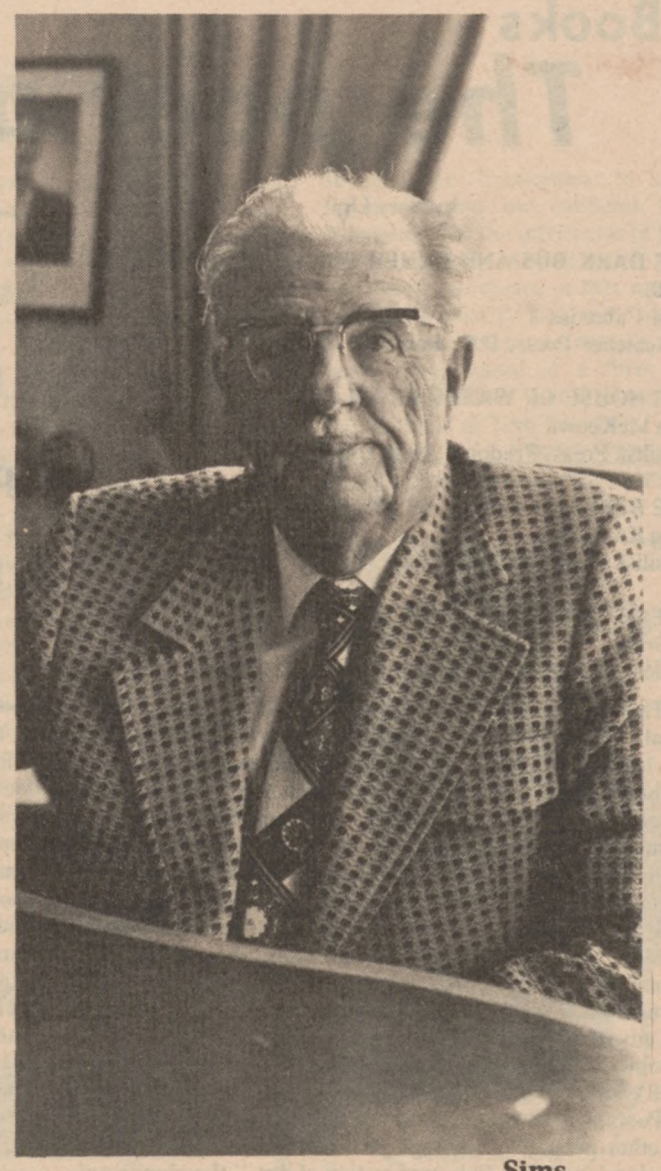
"We feel if a man wants to use these medical instruments," Sims argued, "he ought to go to medical school and be properly trained." The training which chiropractors get in the use of ultra-sound, colonic irrigation, diathermy and other medical devices is not adequate, Sims maintained. And if chiropractors insist on infringing on the practices of medical doctors, the medical profession is going to use all its awesome power to restrict chiropractic and sink it back into the depths of quackery, he warned.

Norvin Duncan, Sims' public relations man, explained, "The medics would love nothing more than to swallow up the chiropractors just as they have to naturopaths." Sims claimed that some of the heaviest lobbying against two bills enlarging the scope of chiropractic came from medical doctors, who would stand to lose money if mixers were allowed to operate without punishment.

Just as the medical doctors, insurance companies and patients especially have a good deal to lose monetarily if chiropractic becomes mechanized, the mixers stand to gain as much. One chiropractic, for instance, described how he was approached and told of an easy way to inflate his income: "I had a vitamin salesman say to me, you can make an additional $1000 a month selling vitamins." The chiropractor, a straight, declined the offer.

Why are patients willing to pay the higher costs that the mixers require for their special treatments? Part of the answer could lie in Americans' unshakable faith in technology: the myth that the bigger, better and more expensive a doctor's equipment and methods are, the more effective they will be. As Dr. Gellardi described the syndrome, "This is the psychology of the thing -- it has to be expensive."

Another reason some patients prefer, or at least tolerate, mixers is that they are ignorant of the basic nature of chiropractic, Gellardi feels. The public is not trained to know what it wants from chiropractors, he claims. When a person decides he needs a chiropractor, for example, he'll usually just pick up the phone book and look in the yellow pages, thinking that any chiropractor is just as good as the next one.



Sims

And, Gellardi elaborates, people can't grasp the idea that a pain or discomfort in one part of the body might be relieved by treatment on another part. Thus, if a patient's elbow hurts, he wants treatment applied to the elbow directly, not to the spinal column, said Gellardi. So it's not surprising that many patients would place more faith in the mixer, who can apply a sophisticated looking piece of shiny gadgetry right on the sore spot, than in the straight chiropractor to whom an adjusted, straight spine is the **sine qua non.**

Many straight chiropractors (as well as M.D.s, no doubt) feel that mixers are envious of the money and prestige of medical doctors, and thus are using medical equipment as a means of social climbing. As Norvin Duncan said, "Mixers want to build an aura about them of more than they are as chiropractors." He continues, "...chiropractors know if they branch out a little bit and buy this machine and that machine...they can make more money."

McCoy said he regards the "war" between mixers and straights as basically a question of "semantics." Asked if he knew of any illegal use of medical equipment by chiropractors, he replied, "Not that I know of." Later, after saying he was "advocating practicing within the scope of law," he admitted that mixing is "illegal from the standpoint that it is not written on a piece of paper."

But then, McCoy says, chiropractors are responsible enough to decide what equipment they are and aren't qualified to use. "Look at that," he said, jabbing at a long list of patients he'd seen that day. "Do you think that many people would be coming to me if I wasn't qualified?" Asked if he thought mixers should have a certain training set forth by law if they are allowed to use medical equipment, he was evasive, finally saying that the amount of training mixers would get should be "up to the discretion of the chiropractor," not the attorney general or the legislature.

McCoy would rather not see any publicity about the chasm between straight chiropractors and mixers. As he explained, "You're trying to write up a family squabble that should be kept in the family...We can govern ourselves internally. We do not need help from the outside."

The straight chiropractors, however, are worried that their profession won't be able to withstand its inner struggles. They argue that without "purification" of the chiropractic profession, chiropractic will go the way of naturopathy which 20 years ago was outlawed in South Carolina for encroaching -- unsuccessfully, in at least one fatal case -- on medical practices.

Sims, for one, has been around chiropractic long enough that he should have some perspective on the situation. When he started practicing chiropractic in 1924 -- the 13th chiropractor in South Carolina -- things were a lot different than they are now, he says. "We used to brag in the early days that our hands are our only tools," he reminisces. But the situation is fast changing.

Chiropractors don't need to use any therapeutic or medical equipment, Sims contends. He points to a highly successful practice, and decries the impurification of his profession. As for machines, he says matter-of-factly, "I've been practicing for over 50 years -- and I've never used them." ■

Books

The poet at play

by Gary Ligi

THE DARK BUS AND OTHER FORMS OF TRANSPORT (2.50)
Alice Cabaniss
(Saltcatcher Press, P.O. Box 816, Charleston, S.C. 29402)

THE HOUSE OF WATER ($2.50)
Tom McKeown
(Basilisk Press, Fredonia, New York)

THE BUFFALO SHOOT ($2.50)
Greg Kuzma
(Basilisk Press, Fredonia, New York)

CHEAP THRILLS ($1.50)
Al Drake
(Peaceweed Press, 926 Oakland, Rock Hill, S.C.)

There's no use pretending. All men are not created equal. It's always been as simple as that. When the masses got hold of Nietzche they turned **Ubermench** into **Der Fuehrer**, from overman to the traveler. And Alice Cabaniss's first volume of verse, **The Dark Bus And Other Forms of Transport**, falls sadly into the realm of bathos. Though there are scattered glimpses of **words** attempting to become poetry, they are far too few, and the bulk of **The Dark Bus** is taken up with over-stating the ultramundane obvious. If poetry is an art of compression, the compression arises from the desires of verbs and nouns to free themselves from the burdensome, dull mass of adjectives and adverbs. Modifiers are most often moral words (a case in point), and morality draws its power from that ill-defined "will of the people."

Poets, on the other hand, are not the people. They are the other people. As Ortega y Gasset points out so simply and clearly in "The Dehumanization of Art," the significant difference between the unpopularity of art in the twentieth century and the resistance to the advent of Romanticism is a sociological phenomenon. Romanticism has always been perfectly understandable. We need not define it in terms of a concern with nature, a desire to speak the language of the common man, or an urge to depart of Romanticism is one under-lying concept: it expresses the hopes, dreams, neuroses, psychoses, and **ideas** of the many. **Our name is Legion.**

In less than 200 years, however, a new species of human being has appeared on the earth, and this new species has begun producing its unique kind of art. Whereas the Romantics could take their power from being part of the many against a worn-out, in-bred, and out-dated few clinging desperately to the last vestiges of divine right, these new young artists take pride and succor in the fact that, in the words of Ortega y Gasset, "the new art also helps the elite to recognize themselves and one another in the drab mass of society and to learn their mission which consists in being few and holding their own against the many." They are not neo-classicists. They are not neo-platonists. They are the new artists, Apollonian in their drive to expunge the excess baggage of humanity from their art (the masses have never been known to be rational), Dionysian in their satisfaction with the realization they are **not** part of the whole (the masses are always the masses). To them, art has nothing to do with life. They are two separate things. What goes into living can never enter into what goes into creating.

A few years ago, everyone in academia was caught up in examining the game and play elements in art, culture, and society. Books were written aimed at the layman. There was even a hit record by a singer whose name I can't recall entitled "The Games People Play." Still, the vast majority prefer to label mankind as **Homo Sapiens**, Man the Knower, and this despite Johan Huizinga's **Homo Ludens**, written in the 30's which examines Man the Player. Huizinga notes in his Foreword dated June 1938: "Modern fashion inclines to designate our species as **Homo Faber:** Man the Maker. But though **faber** may not be quite so dubious as **sapiens** it is, as a name specific of the human being, even less appropriate, seeing that many animals too are makers." The modern artist, unlike any of the artists who have come before him, revels in the knowledge that he is **Homo Ludens**.

To compose a hasty list of a few essential characteristics of art in the twentieth century, I would say (1) art is play; (2) it has, by definition, no redeeming social value; (3) it has no transcendent quality beyond itself; (4) it will be understood by those who are artists (an artist of **Homo Ludens** is any being capable of receiving the eucharist of art, not necessarily a **productive** creator -- **Homo Ludens** can take time off to read while **Home Sapiens** is forced to say "for research" or "to write," etc.), and (5) it will concern itself only with the necessity that it be art and nothing else.

'In less than 200 years a new kind of human being has appeared, and has begun producing its unique kind of art.'

Ortega y Gasset goes so far as to say art must be devoid of living things. The difficulty this requirement poses, as does the need to expunge all human elements from the artifact, is that poetry especially uses as its material the word, itself a human element. It is impossible to deny, for example, the denotative and connotative qualities of the word "house" in Tom McKeown's collection of early poems, **The House of Water**, of the four in this review the book that comes closest, at least at first glance, to fulfilling the requirements of modern art. Many of the poems in McKeown's collection take pain-staking care to present us with images without making judgements about those images. We see what the poet sees, hear what the poet hears, as in "Winter Landscape" where

> The sky is packed
> with needles

or in "Transmigration" where

> the wings of a canary beat the morning
> into obvious shapes

as well as the title poem which ends with

> our souls hang
> like beads of water
>
> on the wings
> of a sleeping moth.

Several of McKeown's poems succeed in bothering me into appreciation for their inventiveness of image and juxtaposition, but more often I find I have the nagging sensation one poem is too much like another -- almost as if McKeown has found some kind of formula into which to plug his observations and come out with a competent but rather uninteresting compilation of lines. Too frequently I don't get lost enough in what the poem attempts, for what is being attempted is less risky, and appreciation of the craft involved will capture and hold the attention for just so long. I admit I haven't read McKeown's other two volumes [**The Luminous Revolver**, Sumac Press, and **Driving To New Mexico**, Sunstone Press), but on the basis of **The House of Water** alone, I would have to allow he is a professional poet. Unfortunately, that is not so high a praise as it might seem when one remembers that art is play. There are a great many professional writers in America today, but not very many artists.

The other Basilisk Press offering, **The Buffalo Shoot**, likewise elicits mixed reactions but of quite a different kind. When I first encountered Greg Kuzma's work some years ago, my reaction was neither favorable nor unfavorable. It was obvious from the beginning he was competent, professional, etc., but his work, too, seemed to lack that magical quality necessary to let the reader experience the poem itself. There is a curious distinction to be made here between the poem and the attempted poem. The attempted poem is always doomed to failure as a piece of art. It is invariably written for a purpose. Its motivation can be moral, political, historical, philosophical, etc., but regardless of the sub-category from which the impulse springs, the attempted poem invariably deals with the concerns of life, of reality. To bring it down to even more vulgar terms, the attempted poem arises from a desire to reach, to teach, to preach, or even to get laid. The poem, on the other hand, as a work of art, arrives unbidden. For a true poet to enter into it and carry with him some of his living concerns. For it to succeed, he need only let it arive. It is a bit more difficult a process than I am able to present here, but this description will suffice for the purposes of a review.

Kuzma's early poems often had the effect of letting me know I was watching a poet at work instead of being involved in the poem as entity. There is a tremendous difference between the two. I might admit that some change has occurred in me if a re-reading of some of those early poems did not produce the same feeling. In **The Buffalo Shoot** poems, however, as in the **Good News** (Viking/Compass) poems, I am often struck by the complete **absence** of the poet in the poems. By this I mean, not that the poet is gone, but rather that the process of capturing the poem itself has become a primary concern to such an extent that the rightness of words and the rhythms confronts the reader in the way they confronted the poet. In other words, although Kuzma may be said to carry too much of "excess human baggage" into his work, many of these poems call up Ortega y Gasset's description of the modern poem allowing the modern poet no other course "but to disappear, to vanish and to become a pure nameless voice breathing into the air the words -- those true protagonists of the lyrical pursuit."

This is not to say that Kuzma's poems are devoid of human situations, human emotions, human deeds, but only that Greg Kuzma as person and Greg Kuzma as poet are nowhere near the same thing. Even a poet lives life, regardless of what he writes, and his life as it is lives has nothing to do with his art as it appears to him. People to whom he is close in the real world are made into specimens for his art. It is for this reason poets are often involved in very unhappy lives, for the vast majority of those around them are incapable of making any distinction between art and reality. To them, the strengths and weaknesses, the joys and sorrows, the likes and dislikes, **ad absurdum** -- the stuff of life -- must appear in terms identical to what they expect (or, more importantly, **desire**) in the work of art. It is painful, for instance, to discover one's self as a whore in a poem when one is a lover, a wife, a sister, or a mother in life. It is, moreover, painful to the human side of the poet when he thinks, in human terms, of what affect his poem -- a piece of unreality -- might have upon those he lives with (He is not forced. He chooses to live.)

Kuzma's weakest poems, it seems to me, are those which suffer from the human imposing upon the poet so that the poem displays too much care for the people behind the concepts. Care and affection and love and hate have their places, but not in the poem. Where Kuzma really comes alive is in his poems of process, where the world is examined from the first person distilled and compressed so extensively that it might as well be a third. "When We Get Old," "Lunch At Miller & Paine," "Love's Last Stand," "Ah," "Friends," and "What Is Left" all deal directly with the tension between what is real and what is not. Most of these poems do, and they're effective poems -- dangerous poems -- poems threading a thin line between two delicately balanced needles, and the poet, without a balancing pole, attempts to leave quietly, before the whole structure comes tumbling down:

> air is good enough for me
> sunlight on flowers
> friends trembling with bad news
> come
> I will not write about you
> anymore

The Buffalo Shoot is a successful book. I look forward to more.

And finally there is Al Drake's **Cheap Thrills**. There isn't much to say about this one. The title says it all. It may not be art, but it doesn't pretend to be. It **is** play, however, and the 12 poems in this volume prove how much fun play can be. A day-glo pink cover, a center-page with a pink-screened bicycle (focus on the seat) with the poem "Go To The Local Swimming Pool:"

> Go to the local swimming pool on a weekday.
> Spend several hours studying the girls, until
> you have found the youngest really built chick there.
> Go back outside and smell every bicycle seat
> until you think you have found the right one.
> Let the air out of the tires.
> Wait under the trees.
> If caught or questioned, tell them
> you are simply writing a book on this subject.

I take it back. It's pretty close to art, but it doesn't pretend to be. All the poems are written in the imperative. All the poems approach reality from the same absurd directions. All the poems call up several new approaches to boring, everyday reality. And all the poems are fun. ■

[Note: All books can be purchased direct from the publishers at the addresses given above.]

Cinema

Climbing the Eiger with Eastwood

The Eiger Sanction
at the Jefferson Square Theatre

I was lured out of the heat to watch **The Eiger Sanction** by those frosty ads showing Clint Eastwood pursuing a villain/victim across Alpine territory. The distributors, who are no fools, have realized that this one is obviously not appropriate for a Christmas show. But for a movie built around a gimmick, **The Eiger Sanction** takes incredibly long to get to the point.

Eastwood plays a government paid assassin named Jonathan Hemlock whose cover and true avocation is his position as a college art professor. This characterization sidebar gives Eastwood a chance to make speeches about "the great unwashed" or a writer's "involuted prose style" and gives the viewer some laughs at such creatively off-beat casting. Hemlock uses his assassination work to finance his private collection of art masterpieces; he wants to quit the murder biz but needs one more Pissarro and agrees to go after a member of a mountain climbing party in order to get it.

The situation is completely set up for some old-fashioned suspense on the North Face, but before we can hit the slopes there's a lot of distraction with Hemlock training in the Southwest under his old climbing buddy (George Kennedy, typed to his **Airport/Earthquake** combination of self-deprecation and raw enthusiasm) and engaging in sex play with an Indian guide and black lady spy (Vonetta McGee). When the action finally does move into the Alps, it's the most anti of anti-climaxes. Hemlock doesn't know who his intended quarry and/or hunter is and neither do we. They just climb the thing with a few routine cliff-hangers and come back down when one of the climbers dies of exposure, and there's a "surprise" ending (it won't knock you out of your seat) to wrap it up.

Like all properly stylized thrillers, and more specifically like the James Bond films that it imitates, **The Eiger Sanction** has colorful villains with funny-sounding names. There is Miles Mellough, an old Vietnam comrade who gave Hemlock the double-cross and is played (excellently) by Jack Cassidy in a decided, comical shade of lavender. There is Dragon, albino head of the spy ring, who lives in an antiseptic environment and is continually bathed in eerie red light. And like the Bond films, there is a pleasantly libidinous undercurrent with Hemlock being pursued by various pneumatic lovelies who usually wait until post-

Eastwood in action

coitus to inject serums into him, steal important documents or whatever. (He's like honey to flies, which shows one advantage of directing yourself since one can indulge all sorts of Hefnerian fantasies.)

Unfortunately, what **The Eiger Sanction** does not have is Sean Connery. Connery, a genuinely fine actor (he has performed with Oliver's National Theatre of Great Britain), saved those movies because the audience could share his cynical amusement at all the inane goings on and his unbelievably super masculine, super-sexy character was such a great joke. Clint Eastwood isn't quite on a level with that plasticized banality, Roger Moore (the latest Bond), but one can share the bemusement of **Life** magazine when they ran a story several years ago on Eastwood's position as number one box office star. A former TV performer with no particular strengths as an actor or screen personality, he is seemingly the least likely candidate for such success, but Eastwood carries on whereas **Life** is defunct.

It may be, however, that his popularity stems from his very ordinariness. Like that other egregious non-talent, Charles Bronson, Eastwood can represent Mr. Everyman, the hypothetical member of the silent movie-going majority (Eastwood is a former Nixon Republican), in fantasies of vigilante justice (**Dirty Harry**), frontier adventure (the Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns) as a swinging disc jockey (**Play Misty for Me**), and now as an international hit man. Furthermore, he is the perfect actor for these action films because his lack of any convincing emotion, beyond a kind of teeth-gritting rage, makes him a suitable appliance for dealing out the gory mayhem required nowdays without the clutter of any conflicting feelings.

As a director, Eastwood -- who also directed **Misty** -- operates the same way, avoiding the obvious Hitchcockian possibilities of story and suspense and relying on the scenery (which is in fact quite magnificent, beautifully filmed on location by Frank Stanley) and his self-indulgent portrait as a smart-talking sex object to hold audience interest. (Many scenes have obviously been provided by screenwriters Hal Dresner, Warren B. Murphy, and Rod Whitaker just to give Eastwood something cute to say.) Hitchcock tried to give the audience "mental shake-ups"; Eastwood gives you visual cream puffs. As an actor and director, Eastwood is highly similar to Tom Laughlin, and if the aesthetic democracy that Laughlin recently proposed in a N.Y. **Times** attack on critics ever comes to pass, then Eastwood may very well be on top of the heap.

Incidentally, **The Eiger Sanction** winds up with a John Le Carre, it's-all-just-a-pointless-game conclusion which strikes me as something of a bore. If you're going to peddle this brand of nonsense, then it seems rather hypocritical to turn tail at the end and condemn the bloodshed and the intricacies of the spy vs. spy plot. And of course the simultaneous release of this movie across the country at a time when the CIA and its assassinations are being investigated is a form of newsy exploitation that also recalls the methods of Tom Laughlin.

Venson Steadman

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Music/Albums

Tommy & John & Zep & Ian

by Tim Driggers

TOMMY
Original Motion Picture Soundtrack
Polydor Records

In June, 1969, The Who released **Tommy**, an album labeled by some as a rock-opera and hailed by most as one of rock's most innovative productions. Six years later Columbia Pictures, director Ken Russell and Peter Townshend have teamed bring the now famous story of a "deaf, dumb, and blind pinball messiah," to the silver screen. On listening to the album, they shouldn't have bothered. Without delving into the question of the continued relevancy of **Tommy**, it is sufficient to point out that it takes more than whizzing electronic synthesizers to translate a '60's message into the static seventies.

It is arguable that Ann-Margret is an actress, but as Tommy's mother, Nora Walker, her Las Vegas styled vocals are distinctly out of place. Oliver Reed's (Uncle Frank) singing, if you can call it that, is so atrocious that it makes one wish that the old Hollywood lip-synch techniques had been revived. As Tommy, The Who's Roger Daltry performs in his usual fine fashion, particularly on "I'm Free" and "We're Not Gonna Take It," and Tina Turner is cast perfectly as "The Acid Queen," but the other rock stars in feature roles do not fare as well. Eric Clapton offers a limp and uninspired rendition of "Eyesight to the Blind" and Elton John as the Pinball Wizard sings in such a hurried fashion that it can only be surmised that he was worried about toppling over in his three-foot platform shoes.

Townshend penned four new songs ("Bernie's Holiday Camp," "Champagne," "Mother and Son," and "T.V. Studio") for the movie, but all are sung by Ann-Margret and Oliver Reed rather than The Who and they add very little.

In a positive vein, the use of different performers added a degree of characterization missing from the original album and the employment of electronic amplified instruments provided a contrast with the largely acoustic Who classic. If you're going to purchase **Tommy** buy the original and leave this one in the racks.

John Lennon

JOHN LENNON
Rock and Roll
Apple Records [Sk-3419]

If the officials before whom John Lennon's immigration case is pending could listen to this recording prior to reaching their decision, I am sure that arguments pertaining to Lennon's artistic expertise would be summarily dismissed and that he would be deported with amazing rapidity. Obviously, Lennon on **Rock and Roll** is attempting to pay tribute to those influences which shaped his musical thinking, but homage would be better served by original compositions drawing on the basic strengths of '50's rock and roll -- simplicity, beat and a melody of sorts. A package of "oldies" is not something that will restore a measure of credibility to Lennon's sinking status in the music business. Since The Beatles disbanded Lennon's albums have been for the most part dull, heavy-handed and pretentious, totally lacking the components of his '60's success.

Lennon shows some vitality on Fats Domino's "Ain't That A Shame," Larry Williams "Boney Maronie" and Little Richard's "Slippin' and Slidin' " but the classic Bobby Freeman song "Do You Want to Dance" is massacred. One interesting number is Chuck Berry's "You Can't Catch Me" which is slowed down to the point that it reveals itself to be the source of Lennon's "Come Together" from The Beatles **Abbey Road** album. The remaining cuts are tired restatements of the past, and apparently so is John Lennon.

PHYSICAL GRAFFITI
Led Zeppelin
Swan Song Records

At a time when the Beatles were parlaying light pop harmonies into world-wide fame, The Yardbirds were performing to a small but hardcore following in their native England. They featured rapid-fire instrumental breaks which they termed "rave-ups" and a guitarist by the name of Eric Clapton. When Clapton left to join John Mayall's Blues Breakers, he was replaced by Jeff Beck and The Yardbirds continued to lay the foundation for what was later to be termed "hard rock." Beck departed in 1967 to team with Rod Stewart, Ronnie Wood, and Ian Stewart and his lead guitar slot was filled by veteran session man Jimmy Page. Page, whose licks had been heard on many of the early Kinks and Who recordings, was with the group when it disbanded and out of this heritage Led Zeppelin was formed. Page recruited vocalist Robert Plant and drummer John Bonham from a group known as Band of Joy and added bassist John Paul Jones to fill out the quartet. Their first album was heavily into the blues, their second a rock and roll masterpiece, and their third an acoustic failure. On **Led Zeppelin IV** and **Houses of the Holy** they returned to a blues/rock formula and supergroup status was theirs. Sellout concerts which often turned into riots and wild parties at Zeppelin-dismantled tour hotels became trademarks.

After an 18-month layoff Led Zeppelin has returned with a two-record album entitled **Physical Graffiti**. It has often been said that the trouble with double album sets is that there is rarely enough quality material available to adequately fill four sides. **Physical Graffiti's** quality is sometimes thin, but the extended length allows the group to dabble into country (almost) with "Down by the Seaside," acoustic instrumentals ("Bron-Yr-Aun") as well as more rock in "Night Flight" and "Ten Years Gone." The album basically is in the Led Zeppelin mold of blues and rock, however, and if the above excursions were omitted **Physical Graffiti** would stand as a monument to heavy metal. The first five cuts "Custard Pie," "The Rover," "In My Time of Dying," "House of the Holy," and "Tramp Led Under Foot" will no doubt become Zeppelin concert favorites. All feature Page's explosive guitar play, repetitious at times but not drawn out to tedious lengths, and the vocals of one of rock's best lead singers -- Robert Plant. "In My Time of Dying" showcases some excellent slide guitar work, while "Tramp Led Under Foot" might be construed as a rock "march" of sorts. All feature Jones' synthesizer to varying degrees. "Boogie With Stu" (Keyboardist Ian Stuart) was released as a single a few months back. It features Page on mandolin and Stewart on honkey-tonk piano.

Led Zeppelin fans will love this album as well as those addicted to hard rock. John Denver fans need not apply.

IAN HUNTER
Columbia Records
[PC 33480]

Not since the Cuban Missle Crisis had I been so upset and shocked. The news was horrible, unbelievable...no, I pleaded, it just could not be true. I had to accept the facts however...difficult as they were to accept... Ian Hunter was leaving Mott the Hoople for the company of ex-Bowie guitarist Mick Ronson. Sure Ian had been upset with Mick Ralphs' replacement, Ariel Bender, but was that sufficient reason to leave Buffin, Overend, and Matthew out in the cold? They had been together for so long and had only recently achieved "superstar" status with the 1973 release of "Mott." Why, I asked? Why? Mott the Hoople had combined some semblance of all too rare wit and intelligence with a basic rock beat. In addition, their Dylanesque introspective ballads reflecting on what it meant to be a rock and roll band had won them critical acclaim for their perspective. It was all over now, I reckoned, the dream had ended.

My wrath then focused on Ronson. Some had said he was the main force behind Bowie's success, but his two solo albums were so bad they were placed in the bargain bins on release. Why Ian would decide to team up with this no-talent was beyond my comprehension.

In the intervening months since this news shattered me, Hunter and Ronson collaborated on an album and the result was soon found wherever fine records are sold or bartered for. I hesitated to buy at first but eventually plunked down my $6.22 and took the album home to the privacy of my room. Once there I placed my headphones securely about my head and put the record on the turnstile. As the opening bars resounded, I could not restrain myself and shouted: Mott the Hoople lives!

Well, not quite, but "Once Bitten Twice Shy," is the same tradition as previous Mott openers "All the Way from Memphis" and "The Golden Age of Rock and Roll": A hard rocker, dedicated to and about the music industry.

On Mott's last album the guitar solos had been extremely short due to Hunter's lack of confidence in Bender, but here Ronson was given free reign and the trust was not misplaced. "Who Do You Love?" followed and Hunter's fondness for a rolling piano background quickly evidenced itself. Once again Ronson's guitar was crisp and quick and I come to the conclusion that Hunter had surely restored him to respectability. "Lounge Lizard" presented more of the same. "Boy" a co-composition of Hunter and Ronson, was much slower in tempo and had an orchestral touch. It was apparent that Hunter still retained his belief that the lyrics were just as important as the music itself. "3,000 Miles from Here," a ballad, opened side two and the plodding "The Truth, The Whole Truth, Nuthin' But the Truth" followed, mellotron replacing piano. "It Ain't Easy When You Fall," the best cut on the album, was both beautifully written and melodically performed. As the refrain was repeated, Hunter recited one of his poems, "Shades Off," (Hunter always wears sunglasses) wherein he described his lack of fulfillment ("And you see the green fields as you travel on by"). The album concluded with the rollicking "I Get So Excited."

Ian Hunter is not only a rock and roll star, but one of the most intelligent performers on today's musical scene. ■

[All albums courtesy of Tape World]

Jack Anderson

(continued from page four)

a nuclear bomb with the waste from peaceful power reactors.

The U.S. "Atoms for Peace" program, meanwhile, has spread these nuclear reactors around the world. This only encouraged the small nations to follow the Indian example. There have been intelligence reports that several nations in Europe, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East are working on nuclear weapons.

Now that it may be too late, Kissinger urgenty is trying to tighten and extend the nuclear nonproliferation treaty.

Arms and Unemployment: The Pentagon may profit from the plummeting economy.

Liberals in Congress have suddenly realized that severe defense cuts will seriously aggravate the unemployment problem. They had been seeking cuts of $15 billion to $20 billion in the Pentagon budget. Now, however, there is quiet cloakroom talk of keeping the defense cuts to $5 billion.

Actually, the Pentagon should be able to trim that much off the budget in Vietnam war costs alone.

Washington Whirl: Convicted Watergate conspirator John Ehrlichman may be moving back to his home state to do penance. The bearded lawyer has been asked by Washington's Quinnault Indians to help them in their fight against the timber industry...**A Drug Enforcement Agency official recently commandeered a seized camper to deliver 22 cartons of "Katie's Coloring Book" to Congress. The book warns preschoolers about bad drugs. Drug dealers still may be colored green, however -- the shiny camper was equiped with a fancy stereo system...**California's modish Sen. Joh Tunney rose in the "World's Greatest Deliberative Body" recently to tune his colleagues in to The Jackson Five. Tunney's social report took up the Senate's time and cost the taxpayers about $75 to print in the Congressional Record...

Several congressmen have been complaining that the new computerized voting system in the House fails to tally their votes. A check of the computer printouts, however, discloses that in every case, the fault lay with the men and not the machine. The congressmen insert their plastic voting cards, but simply forget to press the button which records their votes... At the Treasury Department the other night, party-goers were surprised to see Edward Morgan hob-nobbing with the likes of William Simon, Henry Kissinger and even President Ford. Morgan, who was sentenced to four months in prison for back-dating Richard Nixon's tax documents, was formerly an assistant secretary of the treasury. He was invited back to witness the unveiling of a portrait of George Shultz, his old boss. ■

Events/entertainment

Continued from page 12

clubs

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Dr., 799-2575

"Raven" sings on May 30 and 31. "Horizon" on June 6th and 7th. There is a $2 charge for members on the weekend with memberships costing $1 per month and $5 per year.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

"Heads of State" on the 30th and 31st. On June 6 and 7 "Silk and Steel" are scheduled. No cover.

THE NEW SOUTH MUSIC HALL AND WHISKEY PARLOR, 4614 Devine Street, 787-6505

"Ritual" will appear on May 30 and 31 with "St. Vitus Dance Band" the probable performers for the following weekend. $1 during the week and $2 on the weekend for members.

THE COPPER DOOR, 2703 Rosewood Dr., 771-9387

"Sugar" for May 30, 31, and June 1st. $2 charge for members, $3 for non-members.

THE JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

"The Cavaliers" for the 30th and 31st. Call for charges.

THE SECOND LEVEL, 2011 Devine Street, 771-4794

"Fairview Foothills Revival," a bluegrass band, on May 30 and 31. Rob Crosby sings next week on Monday, the 2nd; Buzz Peele on Tuesday; Rusty Davis on Wednesday; Jim, Lee, and Connie on Thursday; and on the weekend of the 6th and 7th there will be "Rico's Backyard Band" featuring seventy year old blues singer Willie Guy Rainey. $1 on the weekend, $.50 during the week.

art

Gallery IV in Irmo will open a three artist show on Sunday, June 1. The works to be exhibited are by Marjorie Andruk, Peggy Beaver, and Meg McLean -- all teaching assistants in the University of South Carolina Art department -- and will include paintings, drawings, textile hangings, pottery, and jewelry. There will be a public reception by the artists from 3 to 6 p.m. on the opening day of the exhibit.

Pinhole Photography by Willie Ann Wright will also be continuing at the Museum this week. Pinhole photographs are created by using a tiny light hole to focus the picture rather than a lens, and the resulting photographs have a soft-focus, antique appearance Wright is a painter and printmaker from Virginia who has her work represented in both public and private collections.

The Frederick Frieseke Centenary exhibit continues at the Columbia Museum, through June 8, and includes a number of paintings by the noted 19th Century American impressionist gathered from museums across the country.

"The Garden Parasol" by Frederick Frieseke

specials

The Winthrop College Archives is seeking materials to add to its collection in order to preserve the heritage of the college and the state. The documents being sought include: (1) papers of trustees, faculty, alumni, and staff that record their professional activity or relate to the history of Winthrop; (2) papers of the families and individuals who have contributed to the history of the York County area; (3) papers of women in the state, including professional and organizational files that may be significant in their revelation of the contributions of women to South Carolina history; and (4) other papers which may have historical importance but might be lost or overlooked if not preserved in such an archive. Anyone wishing to contribute materials or obtain more information should contact Ron Chepesiuk, Dacus Library, Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S.C. 29733 or telephone 323-2131.

Tickets are $50 for the "Deficit Stompdown" to be held on June 4th to retire the campaign debt of Republican Congressional and Statewide candidates in the 1974 campaign. The event will be in Carolina Coliseum from 8 p.m. to 12 p.m. and will feature music by Second Nature and entertainment by country comic Jerry Clower.

music

The third and last concert in the Columbia Museum of Art's series of piano recitals will be given by James Holloway. A Columbia native, Holloway is a graduate student in piano at the University of South Carolina and also plays bassoon with the Columbia Philharmonic Orchestra. His recital will include selections by Bach, Schumann, Liszt, and Chopin, and will be held at 8 p.m., Tuesday, June 3, in the Trustees' Gallery of the Museum.

Mac Davis is scheduled to sing at the Carolina Coliseum on Friday, June 6th, at 8 p.m. Tickets are still available from the Coliseum box office and standard ticket outlets and the prices are $6.75 and $5.75 (seating behind the stage has been canceled).

television

Saturday, May 31

2:15 p.m. - Baseball. The Los Angeles Dodgers play the Chicago Cubs at Wrigley Field. (Channel 10)

3:30 p.m. - Golf. Third round of the Atlanta Classic. To be completed on Sunday. (Channel 25)

5 p.m. - Wide World of Sports. Evel Knievel swears off thrill-seeking in a tape of his disastrous London stunt. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - Movie. "Thursday's Game." A TV game show producer (Gene Wilder) and a fashion designer (Bob Newhart) swap domestic and career troubles on their poker night out. With Ellen Burstyn, Cloris Leachman, Rob Reiner, Valerie Harper, and Nancy Walker; that's quite a cast. (Channel 25)

9:30 p.m. - Stalin. A biography using documentary films as well as comments by friends and enemies to trace the life and career of Joseph Stalin. First shown in 1973. (Channel 35)

11 p.m. - Movie. "Gentleman Jim" is a 1942 Warner Brothers bio of boxer Jim Corbett. Errol Flynn stars with Alexis Smith and Jack Carson supporting. (Channel 19)

Sunday, June 1

1:30 p.m. - Baseball. The Atlanta Braves against the Pittsburgh Pirates. (Channel 10)

2:30 p.m. - Tennis. Billie Jean King plays Virginia Wade at Hilton Head. (Channel 25)

4 p.m. - Golf. Final Round of the Atlanta Classic. (Channel 25)

4 p.m. - The History of the Motion Picture. "Fun Factory." Being presumably an assortment of silent comedy stars assembled by writer-narrator Paul Killiam. (Channel 35)

4:30 p.m. - CBS Tennis Classic. Rod Laver vs. Cliff Richey. (Channel 19)

7:30 p.m. - Evening at Symphony. Mahler's Symphony No. 1 played by Seji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony. (Channel 35)

7:30 p.m. - World of Disney. "Nature's Charter Tours" is an amalgamation of animal migration sequences from the excellent Disney True-Life Adventure series of nature films. (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "My Father's House." Cliff Robertson plays a magazine editor who after having a heart attack comes to a realization of the values given him by his father. A TV version of the Phillip Kunhardt book with Robert Preston as pop. (Channel 25)

10 p.m. - The White-Collar Rip-off. NBC News investigates such white-collar crimes as shoplifting, employee theft, and embezzlement and shows how the losses from these rarely solved crimes are passed on to the consumer. (Channel 10)

10:30 p.m. - In Performance at Wolftrap. Andre Kostelanetz conducts the National Symphony Orchestra in an all-Tchaikovsky concert that includes "The Nutcracker Suite." (Channel 35)

Monday, June 2

8:15 p.m. - Baseball. Either San Diego vs. Philadelphia or Cincinnati at Pittsburgh. (Channel 10)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. A show about TV commercials with some samples of foreign video hawkers. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, June 3

9 p.m. - In the Beginning. Lord Kenneth Clark conducts an on location tour of the art and civilization of early Egypt, presumably in the same style as the superb "Civilisation" series. (Channel 35)

10 p.m. -That Uncertain Paradise. A report on the problems caused by the invasion of modern civilization in the unspoiled culture of Micronesia in the South Pacific. (Channel 35)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. "A War of Children" is a TV movie about Northern Ireland that mixes documentary film with a fictional story of a Catholic and Protestant family trying to coexist in the middle of the conflict. (Channel 19)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. Sally Quinn explains herself to Tom Snyder. Barbara Hower will also be appearing. (Channel 10)

Wednesday, June 4

8:30 p.m. - Baseball. The Braves against the Cardinals. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - Music. A program of bluegrass with Jimmy Henley, Bluegrass Revue, Shirley Lamdrum, and the Bluegrass Partners, The Uptown Bluegrass Boys, and the Williams family. (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. Comedy is the subject with Milton Berle, Dick Martin, Mort Sahl, Pat Buttram, and Eddie Quillian. (Channel 25)

Thursday, June 5

9 p.m. - Movie. "The Horn Blows at Midnight." Jack Benny is a horn player who dreams he's Gabriel in this 1945 fantasy with Alexis Smith. (Channel 19)

9 p.m. - Movie. "Elvis: That's the Way It Is." A performance film of Elvis Presley made in 1970. (Channel 10)

10:30 p.m. - A pre-paid political special entitled "Republicans Are People Too." (Channel 19)

1 p.m. - Tomorrow. George Gallup is the guest. (Channel 10)

Friday, June 6

8 p.m. - "The Games." An English movie about four fictional competitors in the 1960 Rome Olympics. Ryan O'Neal, Michael Crawford, and Charles Aznavour (of "Shoot the Piano Player"). (Channel 19)

1 a.m. - Midnight Special. Tom Jones, Chuck Berry, and the Kiki Dee Band (which disbanded a few weeks ago). (Channel 10)

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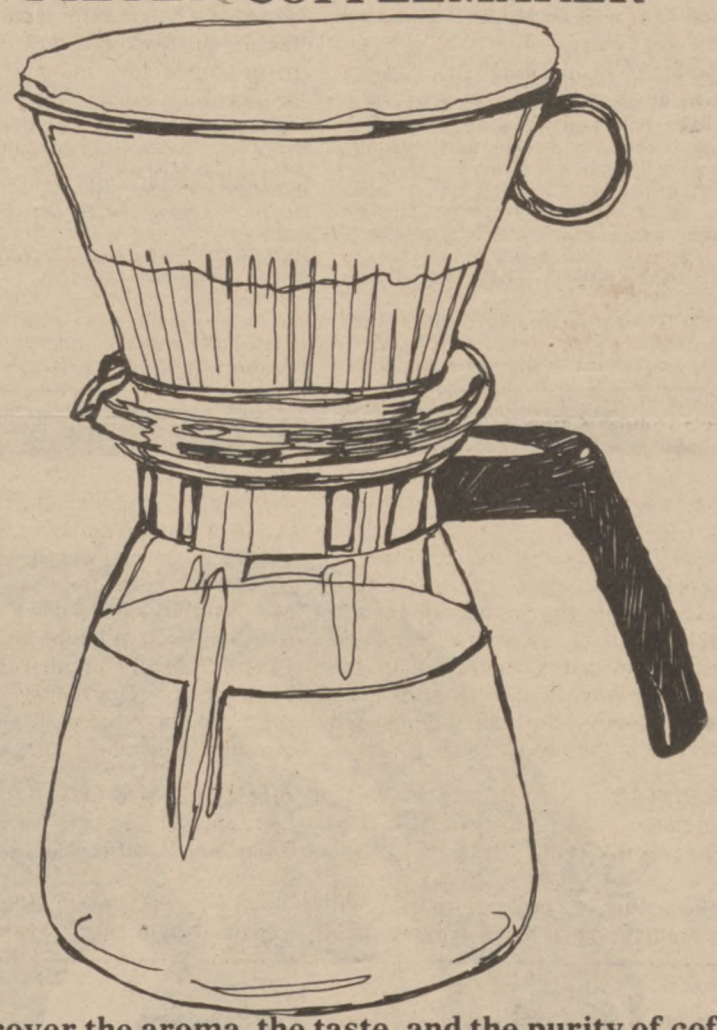

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EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by Venson Steadman
May 31 thru June 6

cinema

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Candy Tangerine Man" is a black movie that has a Rolls-Royce with machine guns in it and apparently little else. Rated R, with shows at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Summer Heat" and "House of the Red Dragon." X with first complete show at 3:30 and the last at 8:30.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Oral Generation" is the randy title for the first feature with "Fly Me" coming up second. Continuous shows start at 1 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Stud Brown." "He has what every woman wants." Rated R. 1:30, 4, 6:30, and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"A Touch of Class." An American businessman (George Segal) and liberated London widow (Glenda Jackson) take off to Spain for a weekend of "casual sex" and gradually begin to fall in love. The old fashioned denouement falls through, perhaps because this movie is trying so hard to be part of the sophistication it's poking fun at. Segal and Jackson get off a few good moments in what are otherwise misconceived characterizations. PG. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Breakout." Charles Bronson helps Robert Duvall break out of a foreign prison. This movie opened simultaneously at 1400 theatres across the country with a massive $3½ million national TV campaign. The distributor (Columbia) seems intent on making a quick killing before everybody finds out how crappy it is. Rated PG. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Ten Little Indians." An elimination murder mystery first penned by Dame Agatha Christie and here newly refilmed with Elke Sommer, Oliver Reed, and Richard Attenborough. Christie's novel was published in Britain under the title "Ten Little Niggers." PG. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore." A housewife (Ellen Burstyn) and her 12-year-old son are suddenly required to fend for themselves in a comedy that focuses more on the human problems than the rhetoric of liberation. Fast, funny direction by Martin Scorsese and some good acting by Burstyn (who won the Oscar), Diane Ladd (who didn't) and Kris Kristofferson (better than usual). Easily one of the best movies so far this year. R. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" stays around although by rights it should have died a natural death several weeks ago. The plot -- about a college professor who discovers his misdeeds and violent death in a previous life -- is the stuff of parody, and Michael Sarrazin, Jennifer O'Neill, and Margot Kidder give it all it's worth. Trashy fun, but it's really a waste of time. R. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Eiger Sanction." Clint Eastwood gets the James Bond role in a movie about a professional assassin hired by his government employers (not CIA but "C-2") to eliminate an

Ken Shapiro and friend in "The Groove Tube"

enemy spy during an attempt to climb the Eiger, a mountain in the Swiss Alps. Trouble is, he doesn't know who he's trying to knock off and neither do we so there is virtually zero suspense, and Eastwood's direction is only slightly less self-indulgent than his work on "Play Misty For Me." The scenery's nice. R. 2:20, 4:40, 7, and 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"The Other Side of the Mountain." A true life drama about the crippling of a professional skier starring Marilyn Haskin. Rated PG. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Jeremiah Johnson." A lot of city slickers have made this movie about a "mountain man" and it shows. John Milius' dialogue is phony neo-Biblical and is spoken by the actors at a ridiculously portentous half-speed. Robert Redford is bearded but picture pretty and the precise opposite of the kind of masculinity needed. However, director Sidney Pollack has provided some good Rockies atmosphere and Will Geer is up to his usual best in the old codger role. PG. The times are 3, 5, 7, and 9 with no 3 and 5 shows on Monday through Thursday. The late show on the 30th and 31st is John Boorman's "Zardoz."

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Open Season." The game is human. With Peter Fonda and William Holden. Rated R. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

RICHLAND I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

Much as we hated to see "Death Race 2000" go, no one can really complain about the return of "The Groove Tube." Ken Shapiro's take-off on TV was first tried on New York cable television, and was so successful that he was able to make this movie version. It's a series of sketches -- mostly using free-wheeling sex and toilet gags -- that satirize commericals, news and talk shows, adventure series, and children's programs and that range from the mildly pleasant to the manically inspired (although reportedly some of the best bits were removed when it was cut down to an R). One of the funniest, and most unpretentious, comedies of 1974. R. 3, 5, 7, and 9. No matinees on Monday through Thursday.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Breakout" continues its profitable ways here also. 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, and 9:20. No shows before 7, Monday through Thursday. "Gone With the Wind" is the late show for May 30 and 31.

theatre

The Fantasticks will be presented by Town Theatre through the 31st. The Tom Jones/Harvey Schmidt musical is the longest running play ever staged in New York and is still going strong after 15 years. Performances are nightly at 8:30 p.m. with a 3 p.m. matinee on Sunday. Tickets are $4 for adults, $3 for students.

(continued on page 11)

"Exceptionally handsome, highly sensual.
So beautifully realized... it must be seen to be appreciated."
—Kevin Thomas, L.A. Times

POSITIVELY LAST WEEKEND

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud

"An absolute gem of a motion picture. An engrossing experience."
—Robert Q. Lewis, KFI Radio

GAMECOCK 2 Theatre
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
Cayce, S.C. / 796-0022